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ILLINOIS INCIDENTS AND OTHER VERSE

BY
JAMES
FARMER
BROWN







The Author

CE-61, road 1.1.2.2.2

DEDICATION

With kindest sympathy toward those who made these parts their home long ere white men knew of their charms and possibilities, this little work of simple rhyme in simplest form has been written.

If the love of native location, and the beautiful in life should be in any way strengthened in the mind of a reader, this work hath not been in vain; to those it is respectfully dedicated by—

The Author.

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John Park Brown



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no. 1.

Environment's Appeal

Emotions dominant respond

With joy, within the hearts of some,
Who of environment are fond;
While others unresponsive, dumb:
The latter would go far afield
Where lure of joy seems more complete;
Though prairie, river, valley yield
Appealing interest as replete.
Nowhere is paradise on earth,
Since Eden from this orb hath flown;
Then kindly treat your place of birth,
Nor slighting think of it, when grown?

Past and Present in Illinois

Find proof within in measured feet,
Who will their powers employ,
That ancient life and modern meet
In northern Illinois.
With flint-head arrows, burnished spear,
The races came, to disappear,
Who, freedom did enjoy:
Fled, their unburdened primal day,
No coin of realm, then used as pay,
Nor mimic life in photo-play
Did Indian braves decoy;
Or patrons see them every day,
Vacuous minds to cloy.

Historic Touches

Hearts may be touched by flowing metered line,
Uplifted voice in song, or painting fine;
Who can the mind's conception thus employ,
Add to the weal of man, increasing joy:
Nor bind such efforts to the allegorical,
For Illinois hath many facts, historical.

Give somber and the gay a touch
For colorful is life;
Historic facts will pall, if such
Reveal but blood and strife.
Think not all fallen leaves are dead
While truth expressed can sway?
Those gathered, shared both light and shade
In their appointed day.

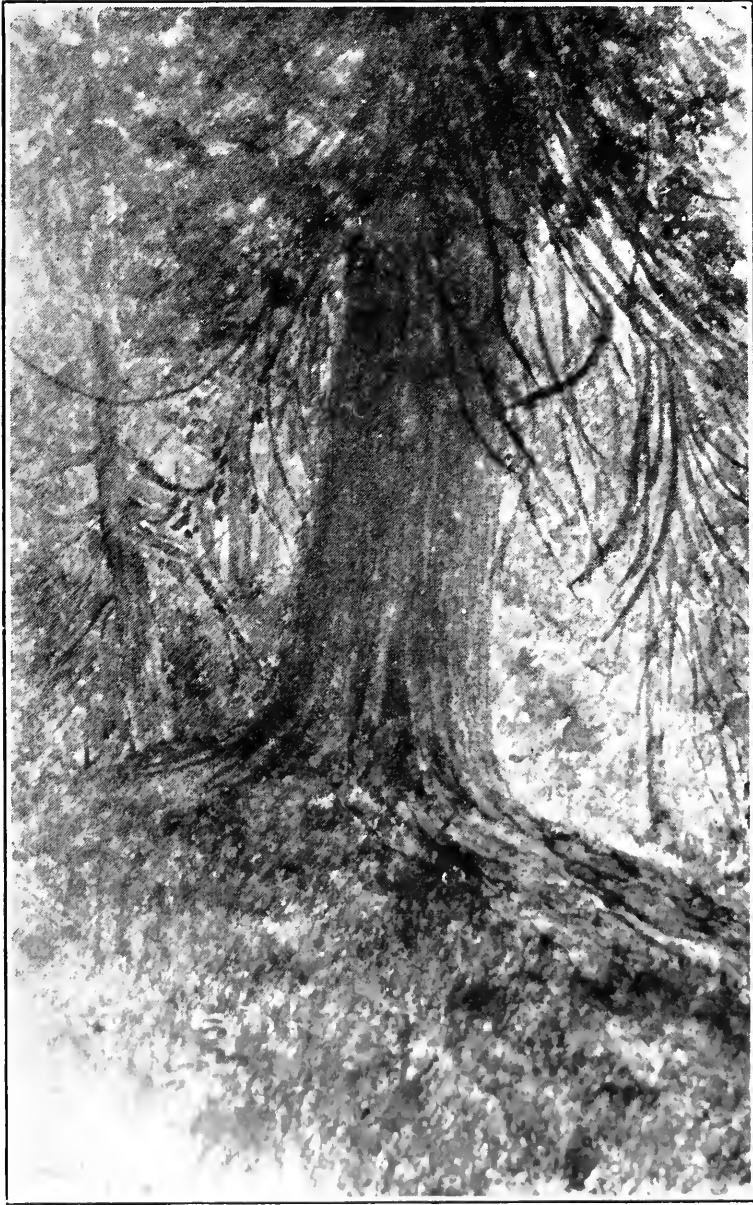
Marquette's Last Letter

(Written between Lake Michigan and
Desplaines River.)

While icy winter winds unhindered sweep,
Bereft of mercy, round a prairie cot,
Night's howling wolves and fever, hinder sleep
Of one, whose presence halloweth the spot.

Lingers a form, emaciated, spare,
Frail setting of the soul of Pere Marquette,
Soon to be wafted to a place more fair
Than e'er beheld he in this prairie state.

Through pain, writes he of what was seen and done,
Of land well suited to man's earthly need:
Though nears the end; long will his setting sun
Glow golden o'er unselfish word and deed.



Cedar centuries old when Marquette came down the Fox.
Cedar Swamp, Elgin, Ill.



Forest Preserve, on Desplaines River, Ill.

In fair weather, seek the fine Forest Preserve
Along Desplaines sinuous stream?
Should tumult have tired you or frazzled your nerve,
Here is found a delectable dream.

'Tis well if your reasoning powers should incline
You to travel the outer-belt road;
Take note by the way, how 'tis done superfine,
As compared with how pioneers trod.

In elegant ease, some its beauties descant,
With an air unresponsive to charm;
Though nature and art well combine to enchant
Those whom city life crowdeth to harm.

Treat ye, nature's carpet with honored respect,
Its colorful changes revere;
Nor cull the wild flowers; later comers expect,
That their joy will be multiplied here.

Should nature and sentiment both keep apace,
While none, their exponents annoy,
Then wild flowers and birds will alike find the place
To exalt the brave state Illinois.

The Indian Word, Chicago

The word Chicago, virile, strong,
A vocal prince, who serves his end;
Since often Indian names are long,
Such brevity all will commend:
The hoary origin is dim
With unrecorded length of days:
No far-off charm enmantles him,
Or shadows with imported haze.

Jewels, and Jeweling-room *E. N. W. F., Elgin, Ill.*

Jewels, give earth's interior
 When wrested from the mine;
For haughty dame superior
 Whose thoughts to them incline.
When lapidary's work is done
 They add to woman's charm,
Tiara-set, as burst of sun,
 In bracelet on the arm.
At best, but vain, let others speak,
 Where pride need not abuse;
Of polish fine, a watch bedeck
 They to a nobler use.
Then friction counteracted is,
 A boon to humankind:
The jeweling-room doth most of this,
 Who would have proof, may find.
Bushing and other shapes and modes
 To specks like ruby pins;
Then wear so slightly makes inroads,
 Explains how Elgin wins.

Her Ashes

Oh, Marie! said her visiting school-chum,
 I forgot to bring my dentifrice,
But I looked around here, and found some,
 In the jar there on the mantelpiece.
And it acted so well on my toothbrush,
 And I am so indebted, you know,
Why Marie, are you ill? . . . a blood-rush!
 And so soon now, you blanch as snow.
Ah! there now, the blood doth return,
 What's that you whisper? cremation,
'Tis your auntie's ashes in the urn,
 Aghast, speechless:—consternation.

The Balance, and Balance-room E. N. W. F., Elgin, Ill.

Far back in the old Abrahamic days,
All moneys were measured by weight;
Then fairness decided the balance's ways,
Or one might the other berate.
The balance has ay been a prominent thing,
Where justice alone should preside:
But down to the present we fain would you bring
Right here on the Fox river side;
Where balances move, of a nature complex,
With two metals welded as one;
Well studded with gold screws, to count might you vex,
All adjusted to time with the sun.
Well pivoted, vibrant they swing on the beat,

No policeman more faithful could be,
Nor impulse contrary incline to retreat
From moving exultantly free.
They go and they come, they go and they come,
In line with a wonderful plan;
The beats in a year must add up quite a sum,
Pulsating as heart in a man.
If a date you must note, or a car you would catch,
The balance swings true as to time;
A crown of rare beauty is it to the watch,
Thought, labor, a unit sublime.

Crystal Lake, Illinois

Wild birds and fauna grateful sip
These waters with delight:
Lithe Indian maids would erstwhile dip
By Luna's silvery light,
In this pure lake, so crystalline,
With banks of woodsy charm
Reflected in its placid sheen;
Here, worried cares disarm.

The Essential Dial

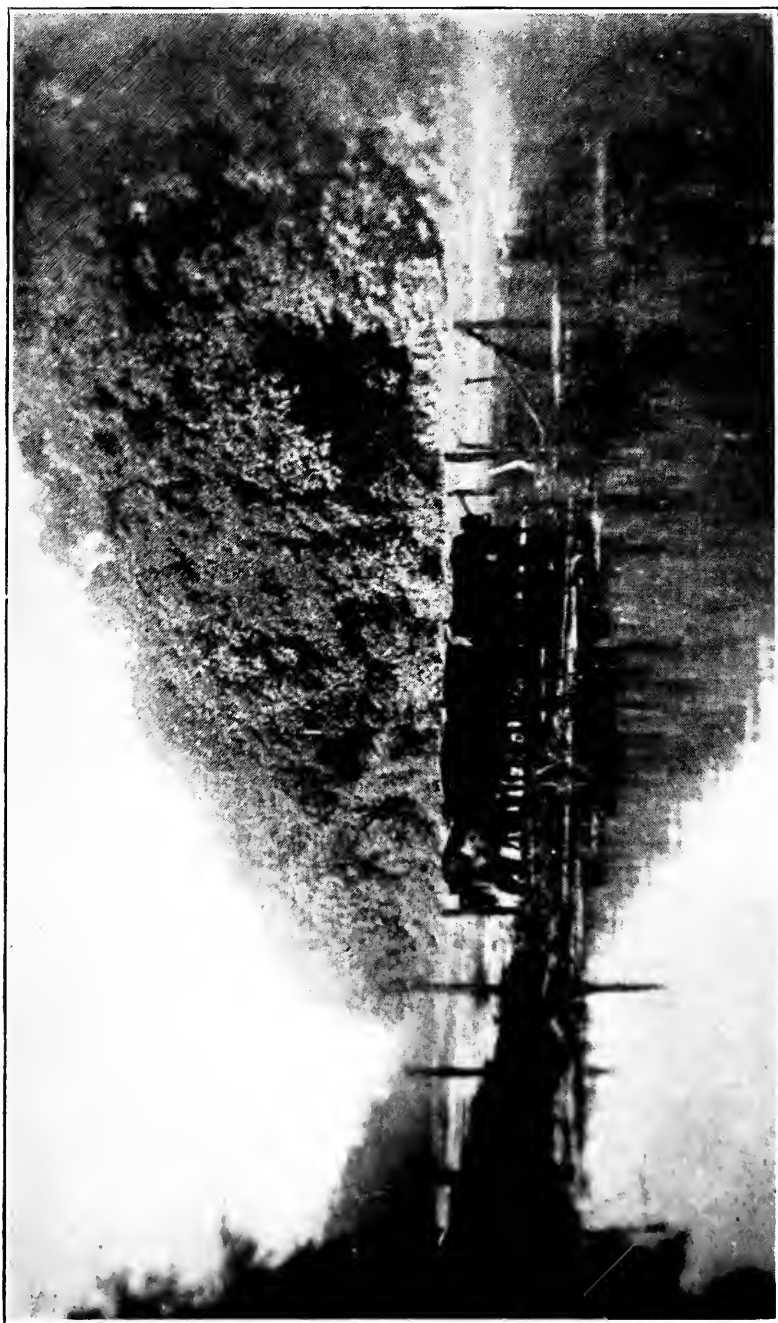
Numeric symbols, silent, mute,
 Touch thought with mystic power,
As they, the lapse of time compute
 By seconds, minute, hour.
Vain would the mechanism be
 Though perfected to date;
Unless the mind through eye could see
 What these would indicate.

Essential now the dial is
 More than in days of old,
When clouds obscured, time went amiss;
 Now night as daytime told.
Much less than passing minutes now,
 The hands and dial make plain:
Recession none desire, I trow,
 To sunlit dials again.

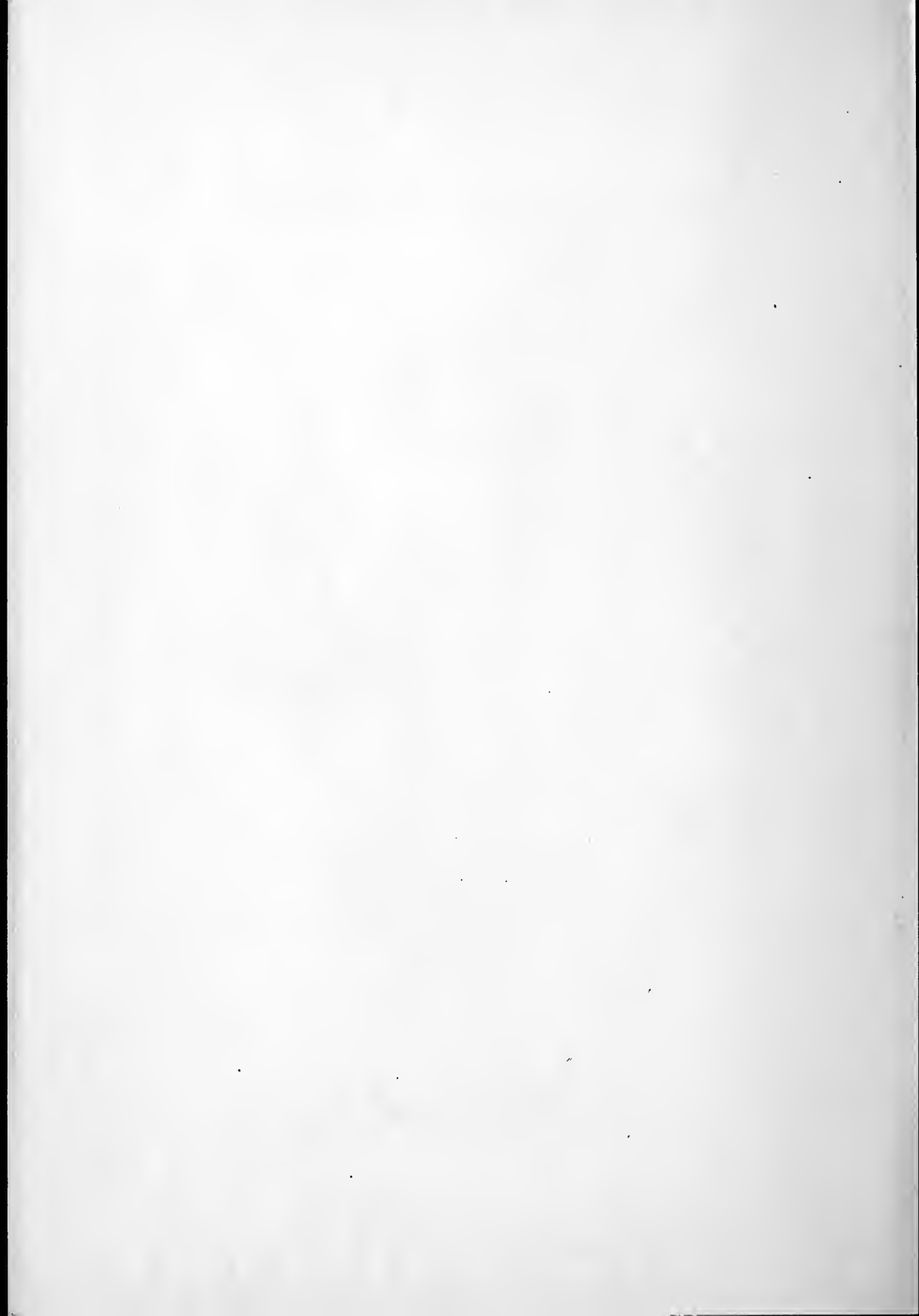
La Salle in Illinois

No Indians file singly in our day of grace
 Where so oft were the buffalo seen;
Though footprints of redmen no more can we trace
 Where now speedeth the auto machine:
This part hath a claim on the valiant La Salle
 For Desplaines river bore him along;
A vision beatific his mind would enthrall,
 In foreseeing the subsequent throng.

With help, did he ice break upon the Desplaines,
 When last he traversed Illinois;
For motives more noble than sordid earth gains,
 With zeal, his best powers did employ.
Of gratitude owe we La Salle a great debt,
 Whose heart never harbored a fear;
Intrepid explorer of this mighty state,
 May we ever his memory revere.



Desplaines River, Illinois, 1912



Huntley and Crystal Lake Road, Kane Co., Illinois

Let us stop a brief spell in this year '22

On the Huntley and Crystal Lake road;
And there visualize in a retrospect view,
How the pioneers formerly rode.

Jim Lawson has fitted his ox-team with shoes,
To Chicago for trade he must go;
Yet, into his mind comes no hint to abuse,
Though the team's gait is dogged and slow.

Then later, adown the same road comes a rig,
When the horse quickly covers a mile:
Buggies follow, and surries, then handsomely trig,
A stanhope, with pair matched in style.

From our dream come we back by a whizz and a whir,
As an auto goes past, almost flying;
From the grave, were the form of Jim Lawson astir,
He would swear that his own eyes were lying.

The Twilight Shades

The twilight shades come down apace,
The eyesight dims a wee;
Some crowfeet lines are on the face
Where late, not one would be.

The light within more brightly beams:
Less irksome to do right;
The further shore more near it seems,
As eve draws nigh, 'tis light.

The rush is less insistent now,
The urge within abates;
To what we cannot change, we'll bow
Submissive to the fates.

"The School on the Hill," Elgin, Ill.

Dedicated to Judge and Mrs. Nathaniel C. Sears
We grateful think of "The School on the Hill,"
For long "The Academy";
Where youthful minds by speech and quill
Make progress famously.

Of the name and fame we are justly proud,
While 'neath the domed belfry,
Parnassia cries, persistent, loud,
"Get acquainted, youth, with me."

A halo glows from "The School on the Hill"
Whose beams reach many a state,
Through training of heart and mind with a will,
And conscience seldom late.

If dalliance kept art in the shade,
This now no more shall be,
Since gifts for art's sake love hath made
To inspire humanity.

Belvidere, Illinois

Though Grecians had a Belvidere
Which some have deified;
There is one in this hemisphere,
A prairie region's pride.

While sculptured manhood's mute appeal
May charm aesthetic taste;
Progressive citizens yet feel
The need of labor's best.

Not only beauty casts her spell
On those who visit here,
But other proofs insistent tell
Of prosperous Belvidere.

From Cover to Cover

A child whose given name was Eve,
Caught up upon a pastor,
Whose greeting did her speech relieve,
Which soon was flowing faster:
So thus he next did question Eve,
"When Sabbath comes around,
In someone's class I do believe
You regularly are found?"

Her answer "Yes," called forth, I guess
Your Bible then you know",
With good intent, the twig he bent
So training there might show:
"I know what all 's in it," she said,
"Yes all, from lid to lid,"
"Then tell a little from it maid?"
Which readily she did.

"A piece from Ma's own wedding dress,
Who says it's safest there,
A lock, she calls it golden tress,
Of my own baby hair;
A stifikit is there as well,
Pa calls it watered stock,
When it pays, Ma says to aunt Dell,
I'll surely get a shock".

A paper single-dollar bill,
On one side only printed,
Ma got it from her uncle Will,
Pa said "His eyes were squinted".
"The photygraph of sister's beau
In uniform dressed;
And that is all, oh yes I know!
Some leaves and pansies pressed."

On the Banks of Chickahominy, Virginia

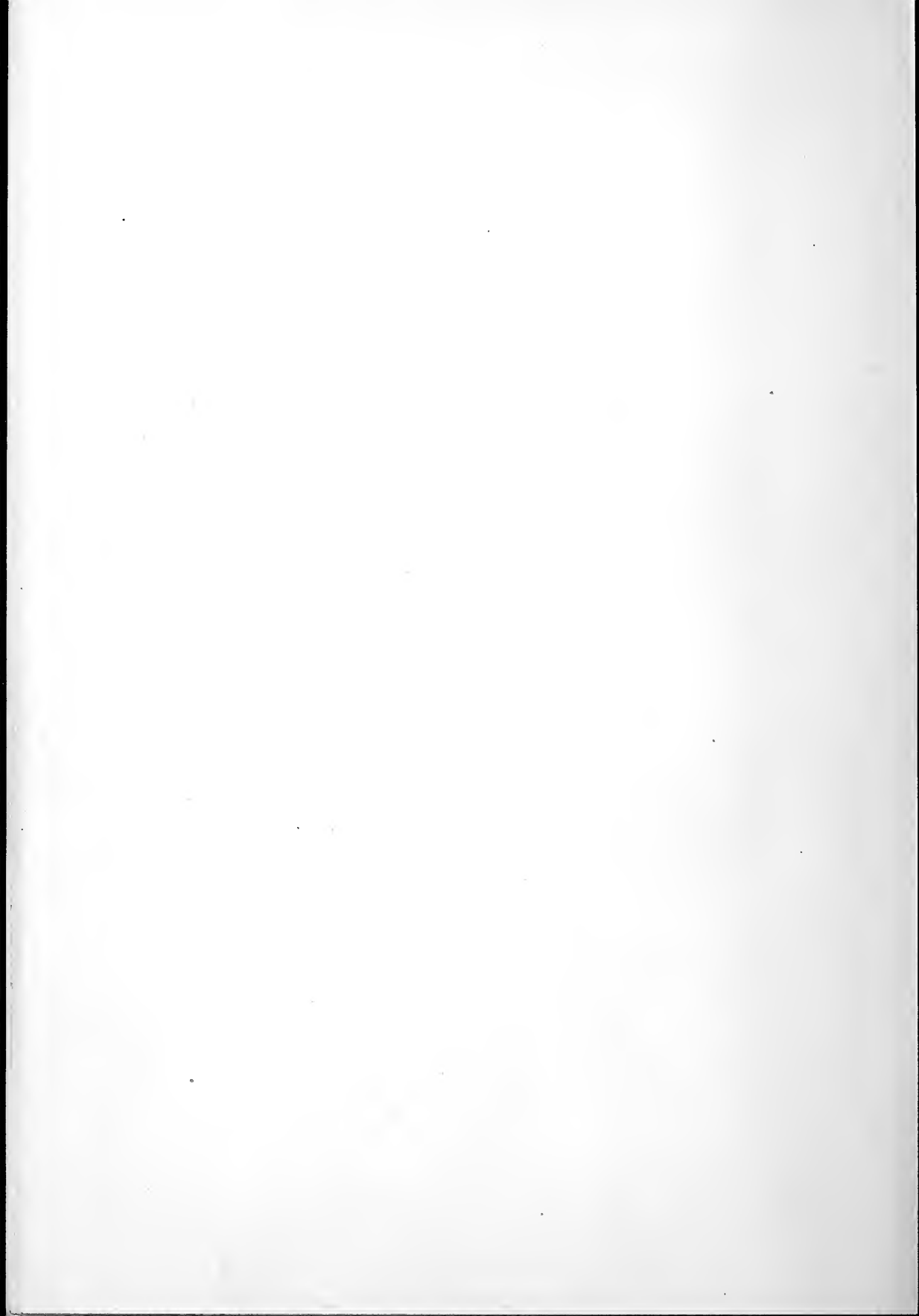
Chickahominy banks are fair, indeed,
Where the Swamp spreads mile on mile;
While the river knows no rushing speed
As if time it would beguile:
But the mocking-bird sings from a lofty branch
And with such versatility,
That we know his music is not chance,
But the promptings of Deity.
A maple tree casts a mirrored shade
By the glint of the slanting beam;
For the Master hand a picture made
That might pass for a waking dream.
As eve draws down, the whip-poor-will
Peals out his incisive note:
But never more on these waters still
Does canoe of the Indian float.

Grand Humility

(Sergeant York Declines to be Lionized)
Tell me what is earthly glory,
Viewed in light of truest worth?
Can it lustre human story,
Change the circumstance of birth,
Add to character of mortal,
Smooth the path in life's rough way,
Ope to man celestial portal
At the close of his brief day?
Truly great is he who views it
In the beam of heavenly light;
Measures life, and thus reviews it
While his record speaks his might.



Banks of Chickahominy, Virginia



Cedar Swamp, Trout Park, Elgin, Illinois

Ere Saxon or Frank trod this hemisphere,
Cedars were olden here,
Monarchs of age, adding year to year,
Wind-swept, and few to hear,
Indians would come in their moccasined feet,
Canoe rowed, Marquette, did these cedars greet;
But thoughtless or base, nature's plan would defeat,
And treasures like these destroy.

Come in the tender-leaved month of May,
Hours might ye well employ,
Flora redundant in fine display
Brings to the senses, joy:
Those early blossoms of varied hue
Make strong appeal to the eyes review,
Mutely invoking, to nature true,
Behold, but do not destroy.

When unmolested, the fairest kind,
Bloom with a beauty rare;
Searchers, with interest, unique ones find,
Who vainly have sought elsewhere:
Cull not, ye thoughtless, to throw aside,
Rash to possess in your selfish pride,
Let others joy in them, turn aside,
Do not their charms destroy.

Youth must be taught to revere this place
Where nature's results are seen,
Far and beyond what is commonplace,
More than through seasons green:
Gushing from clefts in the hillside high,
Brooks pleasing more than but, ear and eye;
Trees, whose hoar age may with sequoias vie,
Here in nor'east Illinois.

Pioneer Bravery, Algonquin, Ill.

A married pair council if it would be best
To locate on the Fox river side:
While impulse to westward moves in the man's breast,
Shall a woman's plea help to decide?

"Abundance of timber is plainly in sight,
A spring ripples limpidly clear,
The beautiful landscape incites to delight,
Then why not make settlement here?"

They do, then toil bravely as others have done,
Anon, children brighten the home;
No murmur expressed that her reasoning won,
And that further west ne'er did they roam.

Fresh meat is provided, a journey he'll make
To Chicago where plenish is found:
The following night finds the matron awake
By the howling wolves gathered around;

Who scent the slain beast by its blood, from afar,
And bounce at the frail cabin door;
A mother's force holdeth off butcherous war
Alone, in scant garb which she wore.

No pen could describe what revolved in her mind,
While to her was the needed strength given;
At daybreak they scattered, preventing a find
Of their bones, of all human flesh riven.

A passion most noble that mother impels,
Not a waver pulsated her breast;
Thus a lesson of bravery true history tells
When Gillilan's wife rose to her best.

S o m e t i m e

Wee Robbie's father practiced law
Down in the loop somewhere;
Little of daddy, Robbie saw,
Work minimized his share.
The father's best ride led to home,
Where with his wife and boy,
He let no anxious worries come,
Or business cares annoy.

Dad and wee Robbie took delight,
When leisure time was their's;
Contemplating the happy sight
When they should see the bears.
"You'll take me sometime, Daddy dear,"
"Sure thing," he would reply,
Then closer snugged his laddie near,
While love illumed his eye.

Soon o'er the home fell haunting fear
While fever fierce did rage;
The best of skill is summoned here,
Though futile to assuage.
One sentence only do they hear
From Robbie on his bed;
"You'll take me sometime, Daddy dear?"
The last the laddie said.

Robbie was seeking for the best
Of all he heard or knew:
Now sees he, with unfailing zest,
Though here he missed the zoo.
Rarely but what the willing work,
Perhaps in line with fate;
Yet, play it is not wise to shirk
Until it is too late.

Indian Footprints, in Elgin

Ere Cook or Kane counties were placed on the map,
Or Elgin acknowledged a city;
Dame Nature's resources, the natives would tap,
You may find in some verses or ditty.

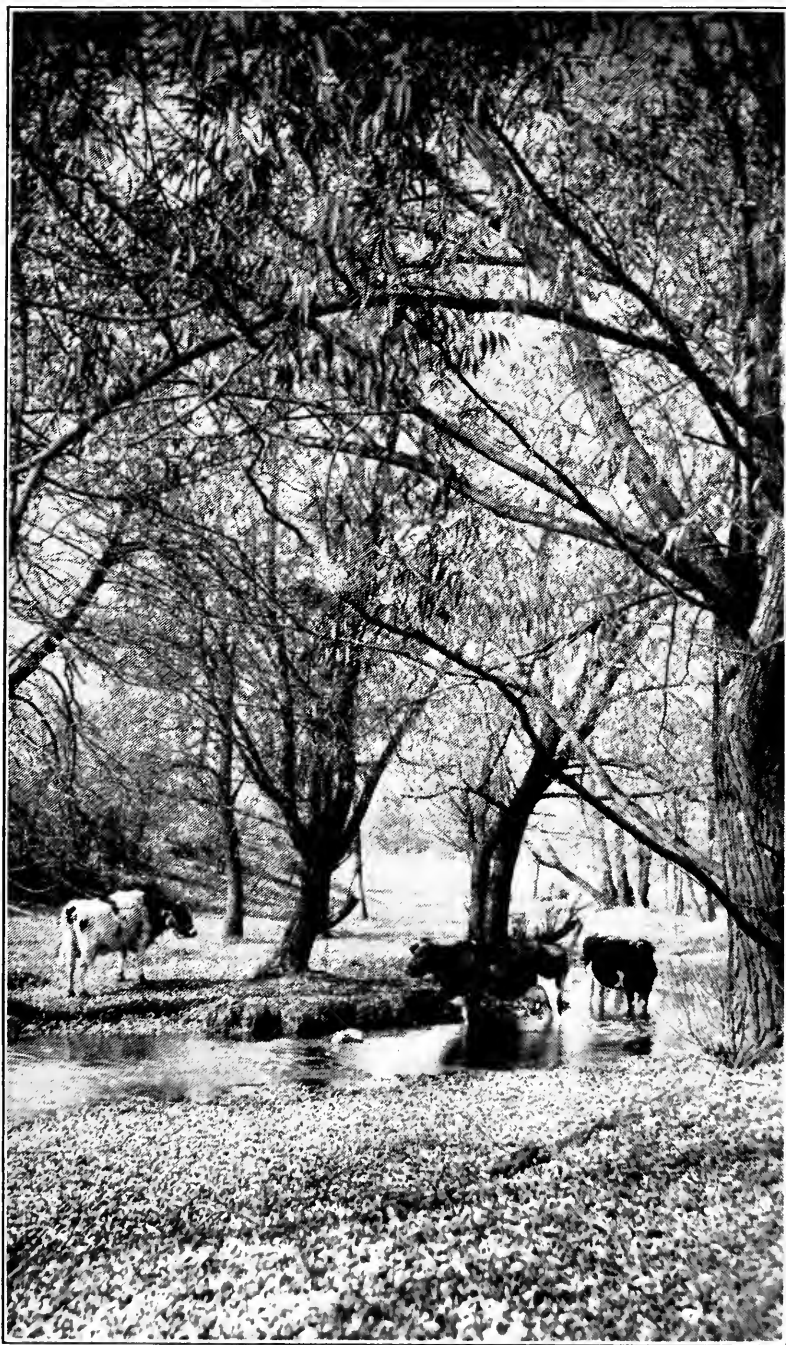
Where tribal groups roamed unrestricted and free,
Now commercial activities move;
To the east, trekking Indians would camp annually,
Some living among us, can prove.

An old brave steals back to look over the haunts
He enjoyed roaming o'er when a child;
The changes that greet him, his proud spirit taunts,
Since, to change he is unreconciled.

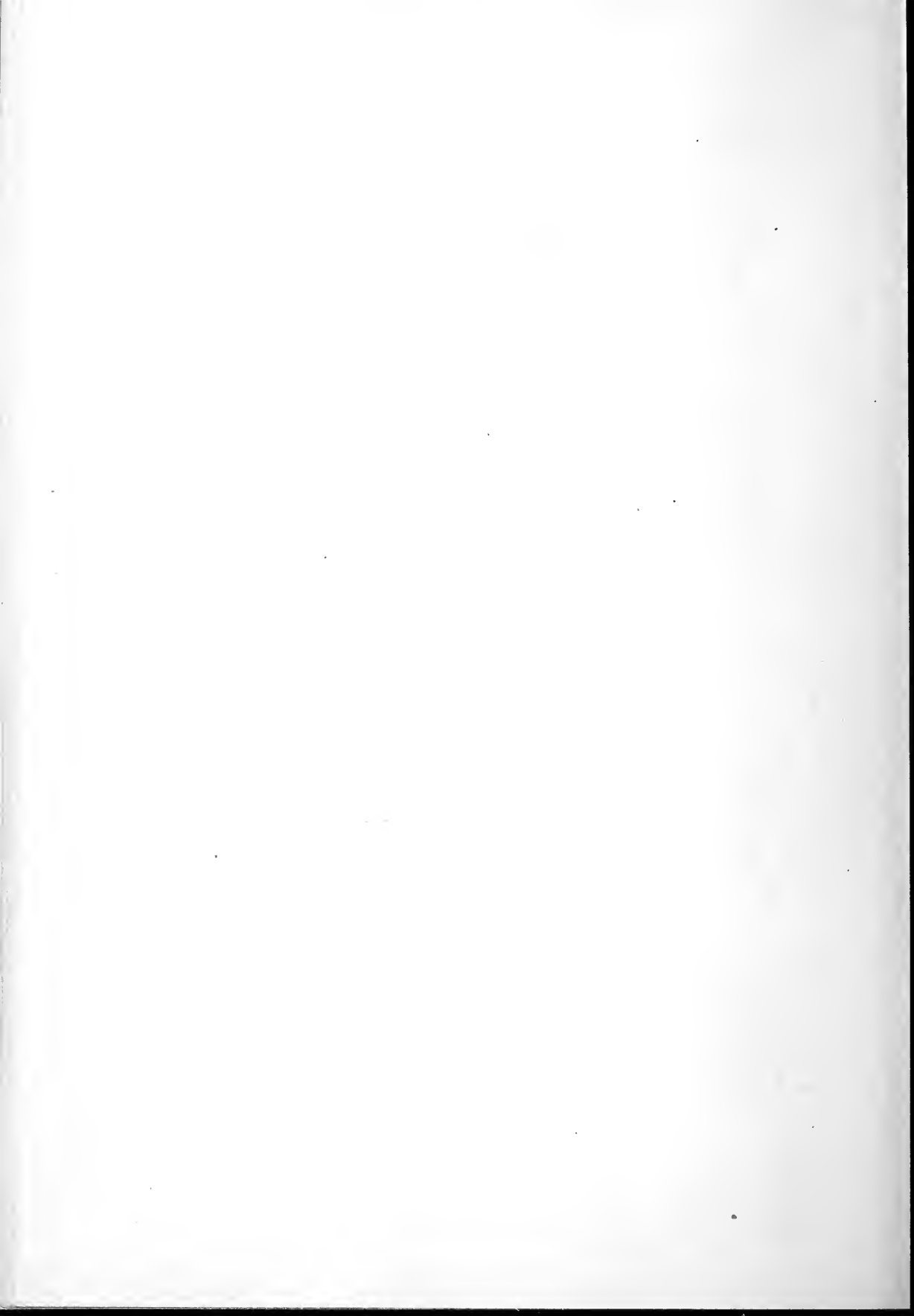
With a lower in his look, and a countenance dark,
Plain disgust overshadows surprise;
He looks for a bluff, in what now is Lord's Park,
That memory would oft visualize.

Then mutely he paces toward Poplar Creek,
Where muskrats were trapped by his kin:
No further than Bluff Boulevard will he seek
Because thoughts course tumultuous within.

Oh! ancestry's shadow, what will he do now?
On a street-car he's paying a fare:
Ere the station is reached, will he inwardly vow?
" 'Tis the last time I'll ever go there."



Poplar Creek, Elgin, Illinois, 1915
Photo By Fremont U. Baker



Dundee, Ill. and Allan Pinkerton

A prominent figure has destiny made
Of a cooper who wrought in Dundee;
But his reputation came not by his trade;
With the federal scribes we agree.

A mile or two north up the Fox river vale,
Where tower the church spires of Dundee;
Adventurous episodes glowed in a tale,
As lurid as fiction could be.

Al Pinkerton's living in that river town,
Ennobled its time-honored name;
When bold counterfeiters he managed to down,
Won him international fame.

When forces invidiously said, "We'll combine
So the rail-splitter shall not come here,"
A plan of the Pinkerton mind did outline,
To the White House Abe Lincoln will steer.

The route that was taken, these schemers knew not,
Who did, ne'er the secret revealed;
He thwarted the dastard, iniquitous plot:
So as president, Lincoln was sealed.

American history would not read to-day
As it does, but for Pinkerton's thought;
Soon millions were lighted 'neath liberty's sway
By the right for which Allan had wrought.

Mark well where he lived, let it ne'er be forgot,
Enshrine Allan Pinkerton's name,
And show in a worthy way "This is the spot
Where he first strangled infamous shame".

Fox River Valley

Ah! fair Illinois, with your far-reaching prairies,
Your rivers, and valleys, and woodlands so dear.
No country I envy its myths, or its fairies;
While life is my portion, I fain would stay here.

Yes here, in the Fox river valley, I'd linger
With heart tuned afresh to the best I have known.
Such beauties of color, suggesting—the finger
Of God hath been painting; such works are His
own.

The verdure-clad banks sloping down to the river,
With bays and indentures the waters to greet,
My heart prompts, with nature's, to praising the Giver
Of beauties so vernal, so pure and so sweet.

For ages the echoing woodlands resounding
The war-whoop of red men, whose toil was the
fray,
Now children of nations, with commerce astounding,
Have peopled the region, as if in a day.

The Switzer may boast of his mountains majestic,
And Italy vaunt of her cloudless blue sky,
But leave this dear valley! I'd surely get homesick;
For scenes so endearing I often would sigh.

DeKalb's Excellencies

The times of war as well as peace
Upon DeKalb make claims;
For years her mills know no surcease
From true progressive aims.
Proud may she be of industries
Which have brought worthy fame;
While learning's fine facilities
Add lustre to her name.

Descent of the French Flag Fort Chartres, Illinois, 1765

Emotions strange move, when an Indian chief
Lets saline tears course down his furrowed cheek
Unbidden there, and bringing no relief,
While quivering lips no uttered word may speak.

Oh fateful day! dark, dark for more than him,
Though brightly glows the sun in heavens high:
A settled frown doth marr his visage grim
When toward the flagstaff, turns each eager eye.

Silent and spellbound is the gathered crowd
When slow the lillied flag that staff descends:
Some aching hearts, in forms confusion-bowed,
Cherish the hope that fate will make amends.

That flag is down:—humiliating hearts
Who proudly owned its sway for years and years;
The glory of a nation now departs
While those she long protected, are in tears.

Two centuries have waned since France was told,
Your standard floats beyond Atlantic seas:
From Fort Chartres, so long defiant, bold,
Another now, the searching vision sees.

Cycles have run their ever forward course:—
Where now is Fort Chartres' commanding height?
Revenge soon came to France, without remorse;
A fragment only, greets enquiring sight.

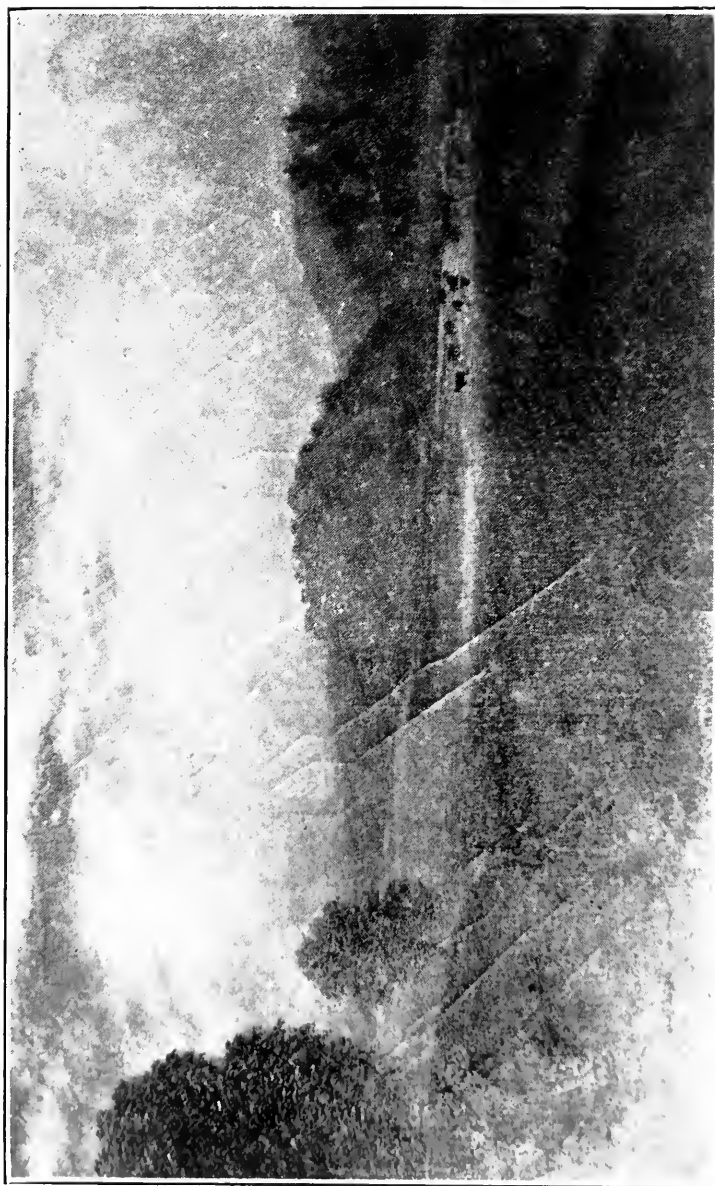
The Father of Waters in a wild rampage
The site has undermined by forceful flood;
Some interested, reflectively engage
To find where this fort, once so mighty, stood.

Where Black Hawk Crossed the Fox, 1832, Kane Co., Ill.

Scribe in deep lines, Indians no more may rally
Where long they roamed, unrestricted and free;
Fate hath decreed that they leave the fair valley
Where serpentine Fox river winds toward the sea.
Fury revenge-fed hath wrought desolation,
Hatred, moved tribes, like the waves, to and fro;
Blame not the whites then, for all decimation
Revealed by the remnant who lingeringly go.
Near to Five Islands they cross for the last time,
Black Hawk and braves follow squaws and
pappoose:
Toilers will flock in, to turn, in this favored clime
Prairies and slopes to utilituous use.
Dark, dark some deeds that must needs be recorded,
Shame mantles high on the face as we look;
No more come they o'er the waters then forded,
Who dare to say, needed strongest rebuke.
Mark well the spot which their footprints indented,
Tell where they crossed the Fox, well beloved
stream:
Now may newcomers live long and contented
Where oft sinks the sun in a colorful dream.

Sycamore, Illinois

If sycamores grudge lending Sycamore fame,
Her buildings add much to her charm;
Then industry's output links well with her name,
And many a finely stocked farm.
A poem in stone, where the county dons meet:
But is the town name a misnomer?
For up and down, cross-wise, traverse every street,
How few greet a keen-eyed new-comer.



Where Black Hawk Crossed The Fox, 1832
From an Early Painting By Louis Yarwood



***Charles Jesse Jones**

(Saviour of the American Bison)

On the wide prairies in numbers abounding,
Brooking no limits but ocean and sky;
Buffalo grazed, or were sportively bounding
Heedless of danger as white men drew nigh.

Proudly defiant they roamed o'er these regions
Till came a time when men gloried in gore;
Then were they ruthlessly slaughtered in legions,
Blood-soaked this land was, as never before.

One man outstanding is moved with compassion
Whom commerce hired to get carcass and hoof;
Life, now beholdeth he in a new fashion,
From slaughter like this, he shall now keep aloof.

Shamed to the core while he looks on the innocent
Biting the plain ere in death lying low:
He visualizes extinction as imminent,
This bloody carnival, men must forego.

Nurtured and cared he for young of the bison,
Madness took numbers who fought to be free;
Efforts renewed again toward the horizon
Till now they live, even in captivity.

Thirty years given to this purpose noble,
This in atonement for what had been done;
Treasure unmeasured for things more ignoble,
Yet nations are grateful, he labored and won.

*Born in Illinois.

The Tempted Bishop

It happened thus; ere conference did convene,
 To Mrs. Brown, the bishop was assigned;
The finest cook, both far and near I ween,
 Most likely ere he leave, that will he find.
"Bishop, another slice of mince-pie you must take?"
 She adds, with smiles, "For mine doth no one
 hurt,"
Discretion, at the third piece, wings betake,
 While weak remonstrance, he attempts to blurt.

What may the bishop's presence long delay,
 While restive grows the waiting gathered crowd?
Two messengers returned, have this to say,
 When reached his bedroom, they heard groanings,
 loud.
To his, "Come in," astonished there they saw
 An agonizing bishop on the floor
But not in prayer, set was his massive jaw,
 Though jerky words came, some might think he
 swore.

"Bishop, we asked, are you afraid to die?"
 In time, between his groans the answer came,
"Afraid, no, no! should I be called on high,
 Ashamed I would be though, unto my shame,
Of course, the conference opened, though delayed,
 With many ohs, and ahs throughout the crowd:
Next day the bishop came, and fervent prayed;
 And glad were all, he was not in a shroud.

A June Happening, 1921 Near Higgin's Road

Quite balmy were some of the evenings in June,
While others reminded of tophet so warm;
Dispelling incentive for bedding too soon,
As Ollie, the hired-man who works on the farm:
'Tis late so he must seek his couch to recline,
For work is awaiting the light of the morn;
The comforts sufficient, but not superfine
Where he may lie down in the state he was born.

Before he is stretched in the rest attitude,
The lamp flares uncannily, to his surprise;
He grabs it athletically, now in the nude,
While seen unawares by some interested eyes;
Flung out is the lamp, through the screen that he tore,
Then hornets stream in that were viewing the
sight;
And well did it please them that nothing he wore
They light on the victim, intent for a fight.

He clutched at a bed-cover, lashed right and left,
But soon wrapped it round as a mantle to hide:
He was a big fellow, and noted for heft,
Yet others much smaller, were with him inside.
We have no intent to prolong a prologue,
Or smile at misfortune befalling our friends;
But next day poor Ollie resembled a rogue
And tight in his clothes, as the narrative ends.

Maximilian I, Miramir to Mexico

Decisions wise may bless the lot
Of peasant, prince or king;
Dissolve as well, the cradled plot
That might disaster bring:
Napoleon III of lillied France
Approves a proffered plan
By which his prestige may advance
If he could find the man:
Crowns have misfit, kings are forgot;
The project nations stir
When Maximillian and Carlotta
Leave peaceful Miramir.
Serenely smooth the married lot
Enjoyed by him and her
In Austria, at that lovely spot,
Enchanting Miramir.
This chateau, favored more than cot
With sparkling fount, sequestered grot
Moss-grown, and stately fir,
Where long known plants, and rarer new,
Exotics varied form and hue
Vie at each step to catch the view
Of those at Miramir.
Who could with ill intent do harm
Where art enhances nature's charm?
Seems it, intrigue must needs disarm
Or fail at Miramir;
Where even the birds show no alarm,
While perfumed breezes stir;
Then bear, if envy's silent prayer
Would be for precincts just as fair
As those at Miramir.
If plentitude of peace be left,
Can it be found again,

If friendships are by distance cleft,
Are regal rights in vain?
Some years of royal rule, then reft
Those hearts, by parting pain;
In that land on the western coast
Laved by Pacific main;
Is it to queen Carlotta lost
Ne'er to be seen again?
She sails to Europe, queen and wife,
Finds courts are cold to her,
For Maximillian's foes in strife
By treason's turgid stir
Wrench government from his command,
And then uniting heart and hand,
One early morn, a firing band
Change life, for him and her,
So, ne'er again as man and wife
Will they see Miramir.
Thrice blighted, their once favored lot,
Yet, who can fate forego?
But, ere was fired that fatal shot
In far-off Mexico,
To one he trusts, a strict command
Is given, while kingly doth he stand
In face of death, with watch in hand,
(Her portrait in its golden band)
"My last thought is of her?"
Shots free his spirit for that land
More fair than Miramir.
A Hapsburg pleads in Tuilleries
With Corsican, whose vain decrees
Have brought her anguished, to her knees:
Where? healing balm and myrrh
For Hapsburg of the Hapsburgs proud,
When reason reels beneath a cloud;
Yea! regnant faith can rend the shroud
That hides heaven's Miramir.

The Jummel Mansion, New York City

Still stands the mansion on its own eminence;
Something of interest might history tell
Where Jummels freely good cheer did dispense:
*Hear ye, tones echo from marital-bell.

Joseph, an ex-king is guest, for a day or two,
Those he will meet, in the drawing-room are;
The dinner awaits now, to precedent all are true,
Royalty leads toward the door ajar.

More than ajar, yea, 'tis open to fullest width,
What interrupts them, must truth now relate?
Whispers along the line, questioning, "Does the
breadth
Of two abreast, make the march hesitate?"

If buxom ladies could but pierce futurity,
Then would their judgment, preparedness
complete:

Madame, a moment past, walked with a surety,
Now a mere doorway doth threaten defeat.

Joseph, true gallant, declines to go first,
Oh! moment crucial, menacing health,
Madame persuasively hints, that, "You must?"
(Jummels have altitude reached, by their wealth)

The cavalier smiling, says, "Madame please lead?"
Welcome relief, her self-poise doth return;
Befitting the manner a hostess should plead;
He passes, then she, the while her cheeks burn.
They two, walk unhindered next eve, through an arch,
For men labored busily, granting her will:
The flower of society graces the march,
While Madame resourceful, responds to a thrill.

*Aaron Burr, married Madame Jummel here.

The Stage-coach on Bollin's Hill (now National St.,) Elgin, Ill.

Reflections of Gen. John S. Wilcox, Oct. 1922

The stage-coach is nearing Bollin's hill,
Well up from the river vale;
I hear that horn, more loud than shrill,
To some, it is but a tale.
Far, far off now, in life's arrears
That blast was the boys' delight:
How much since the first of my ninety years,
Man uses nature's might.
Adown the hill; then, far more steep,
They crossed to the western side;
But the verdured isle in the river's deep
No more doth the Fox divide.
Crowd-laden cars to meet man's need,
Submit to his least desire;
At a once unthought of rate of speed,
Moved by Prometheus' fire.
Felled is that towering hickory tree,
Under the steep hillcrest;
Which long stood guard for the cemetery
Where Indians were laid to rest.
In peace were they laid away to rest,
Awaiting a later call
To the happy hunting-ground more blest,
So free unto one and all.
Now on that site, stands Lincoln school,
Nearby where streets converge;
The young are taught by learning's rule,
That reason and will should merge.
I list for another call to hear,
Which I'll answer readily,
Since faith and grace hath mastered fear
I welcome that reveille.

Aurora, Illinois

A goddess in a chariot rides
The fleecy clouds to use:
The magic spectrum light divides
In vivid rainbow hues.
But more than clouds or rays of light
Upholds this city fair;
Where heads of families nobly fight,
So loved ones comforts share;
Such create a civic pride,
Who thus their powers employ,
And honor well, Fox river side,
In theirs' and others' joy.

In virgin beauty lay the Isle
When whites first settled here;
But water-power man would beguile,
Then changes would appear.
Some visitors the bridges cross
And then go home to tell,
"The Island sure would suffer loss
Without its Sylvandell".
Ride on, Aurora, river queen,
On more than cloud-fleeced air;
Who visit you when leaves are green,
Behold you, glorious fair.

Gilberts, Illinois

Though opera, in Gilberts has never been staged,
The town prospers under a musical name:
If here, when young men at the hunt are engaged,
You'd see that they revel and glory in game.
The favored, at eve, of the banquet partake;
No place in Kane county, its like has outvied;
For fish, flesh and fowl women simmer and bake,
So Gilberts game supper may still be her pride.



As The Islands Divided The Fox, 1870
Aurora, Ill.



Pottawatamies, Laughlin Woods, Boys' School, St. Charles, Illinois

There lived a tribe of warriors bold
 With double-tripled name,
Who roamed these parts in days of old
 Compounding Indian fame.
Full oft the saint his name transmits
 To some progressive town;
But on the site St. Charles sits,
 Where were his bones laid down?

Perhaps he meekly breathed his last
 Beneath a red-skinned face;
To wait the final trumpet blast
 With others, saved by grace.
Who loved campmeetings, long came here,
 Then famed woods did resound:
Where lives were changed, may all revere
 That spot of hallowed ground.

A sightly place St. Charles is,
 And still apace doth grow;
State boys improve who went amiss,
 School records truthful show.
Keep on St. Charles, your honored pace
 Produce another saint?
The smile of heaven's benignant face
 Will blight each false complaint.

Pontiac, Great Indian Chief

Powers of high order the great Pontiac did use
When Indian nations so well he combined:
Death nulled his prowess, by dastardly traitor's ruse,
Foiling the plans of a great general's mind.
Now that in dust the great Pontiac lies low,
Has the time come for such valor to wane?
There is none other, whose prestige and speech may
show,
Indians united, can rally again.
Reeking and sodden with blood of humanity,
Many fine stretches of great Illinois;
Will the incoming whites, free from war vanity
Seek nobler outlets, their powers to employ.

From Algonquin Heights

Algonquin a vision of loveliness is,
Which winding Fox river flows through;
In travelling this way 'twere a pity to miss
Such a far-reaching picturesque view.
How much it reminds one of bold Caledon,
Yet more in the pastoral style;
Imbued with the charm would the mind feast upon
It, reviewing it once in a while.
The natives who long roamed around here for game,
In former haunts nevermore seen;
The most that is left of them here is the name,
Still by that is their memory kept green.

James Gifford Named Elgin, Ill.

Ere industry put forth a claim,
Where now this city stands;
The Sacs and Foxes hunted game,
And fought with nomad bands.

Arrives James Gifford's ox-team here,
To Indians keen surprise;
Soon plough will supersede the spear,
Who know him, well surmise.

The log-house built, and occupied;
In turn the Sabbath comes:
Nor grace nor faith their place denied,
While psalms the settler hums.

As incense would words rise aloft
To Elgin, sacred air;
That name gives Gifford to his croft,
To change it, who would dare?

Name reverent and euphonious
The settler wisely chose;
Far-flung now, yet melliflous
As when from him it rose.

Interesting Kane Co., Illinois

When features diversified were meted out
Here, nature no niggard had been,
For residents of county Kane, when about
Find much that is worth being seen:
Of Indians, not legends alone come to mind,
Trails, settlers delight to describe;
Each one should be marked, so the rising youth find
Footprints of the now vanished tribe.

Buffalo Park, Kane Co., Ill.

Buffalo Park where tortuous winds
A stream, for ages used by men:
Its full length traced; no searcher finds
Fox charms more great elsewhere, to pen.

While written words but faint describe
Delights, which here enchant the eye;
Who would not feel, for Indian tribe
Who left this vale to pine and die.

Will whites appreciate these parts,
Where primal charms so well engage,
Out vieing modern speed and arts
To reach their best, enhanced by age.

Ye Kane folks powers of yours' bestir,
Such beauties to enjoy, near home
On foot, or skiff, or auto whirr,
Will ribald vandals dare to come?

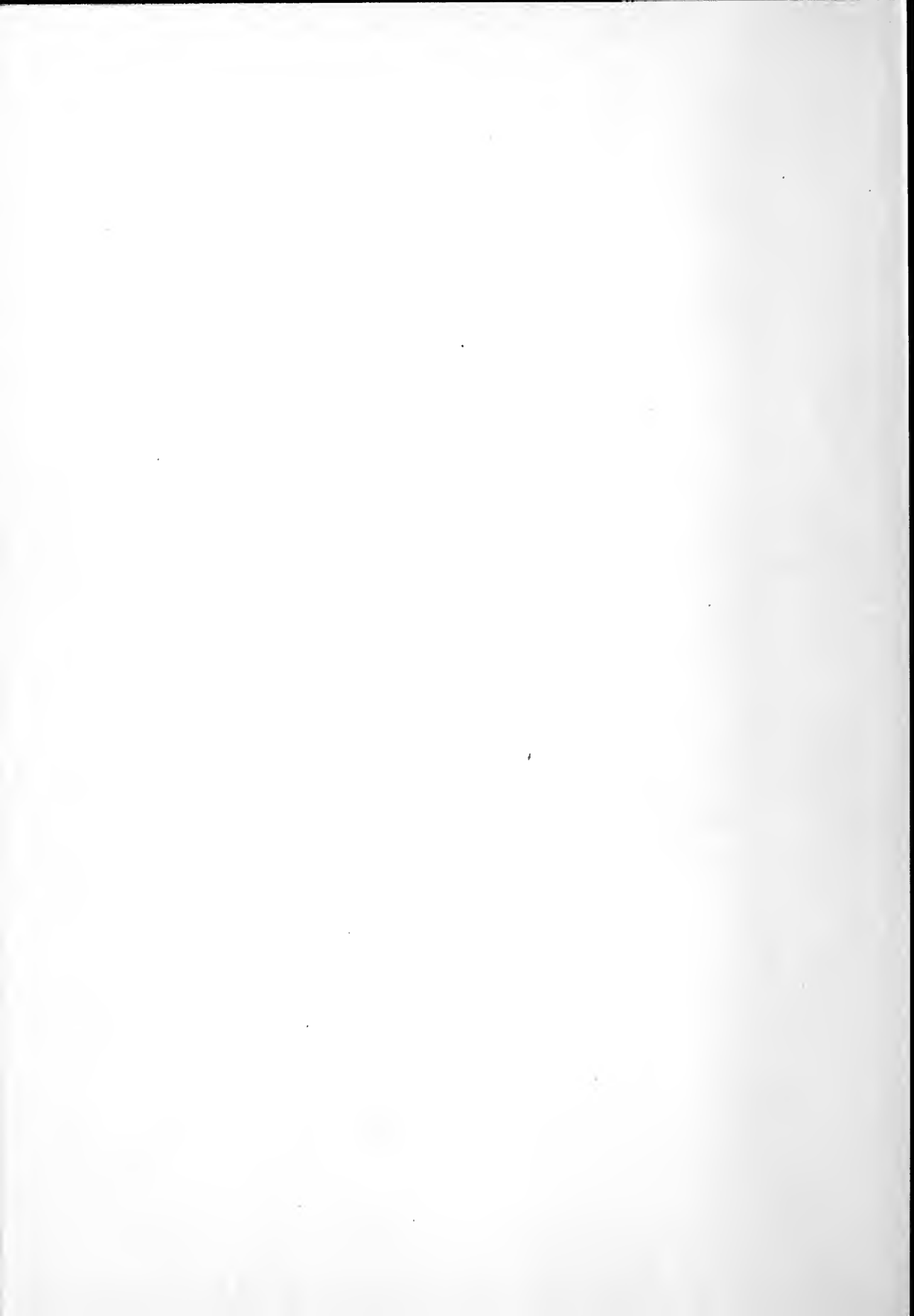
Our spirits crave for higher food
Than e'er was spread for gourmand feast;
Here nature smiles in joyous mood
To all, from greatest to the least.

"Sweet Bye and Bye" Composed in Richmond, Ill.

A fact many know not, incites me to pen it
The truth of which none may deny,
The music by Webster the words writ by Bennett
Of that lyric, "Sweet Bye and Bye."
The village of Richmond of this may be proud,
A hymn so beloved near and far;
Which millions so fervently joined in so loud
That the tonal waves reached to a star.



The Fox From The Seven Sisters to Buffalo Park
Dundee Road, Ill.



East, North, Plato Center, and Plato, Kane Co., Ill.

The ancient and the modern meet,
And as bedfellows lie:
On prairie or on busy street,
We reckless, pass them by.
Greece had her famed philosophers,
Caesars, had ancient Rome:
Kane's cedars noted, not her firs,
Age-olden, here at home.
Kane County's love, bespeak afar,
For Platos, she has four;
Although platonic love, ajar,
Ne'er opes a kirken door.

The Clarion Call of Work

The under and the overman are brothers after all,
To rise to fullest duty, may we listen to the call
Which labor in a clarion tone peals out each work-a-
day,
To live life in its finest form we must the call obey.
No place for shirkers in the ranks, they generate
disgrace,
The noble, though but lowly, gravitate into a place;
As far as circumstance allows, let talent point the way,
Nor overanxiously incline the mind about the pay.
To man of fallen purpose, work is heaven's precious
boon,
And since existence here is brief, while many leave too
soon;
We'll buckle down to bench or bar, or any honest toil,
From him who steers the wheels of state, to him who
tills the soil.

Marie Sidenius-Zendt

Marie, our greatest queen of song,
To us you specially belong
From early youthful days.
'Twas here you first acquired a name,
Whose lustre glows in worthy fame.
Your character ne'er marred by shame,
May heaven prolong your lays.

To vision true, you reached your height,
To countless numbers gave delight,
Your message, hearts rejoice.
As fragrance from a blossom rare,
As song of lark in lucent air.
As seraph tones from heaven fair,
Your vibrant, brilliant voice.

Game Birds in Kane Co. Ill. 1847

*Think not, kind reader, I speak as one mad,
Only truth in my own simple way,
That some clouds have I seen in the sky when a lad
Making dark the clear light of the day,
As passenger pigeons o'er Elgin have flown
In millions, uncounted by man;
And why they ceased coming back, never was known,
Nor why nature had altered her plan.

On the farm nearer here than St. Charles, I mind,
Which we came to when I was a lad;
I've picked prairie chickens up, five of a kind,
From a single shot fired by my dad:
Times greatly have altered, you well may believe,
And yet I am here to review it,
And smile at the changes, for why need I grieve
For the plentiful game, as we knew it.

*Related by Mr. David Smith, Elgin.

The Lincoln Compliment

Two presents unto Lincoln came
While he was yet in Illinois;
Two hats they were, which looked the same,
Quickly, his wits he did employ.

Neither, could he with grace return,
Each sent from an admiring hatter;
A present, who would think to spurn,
What then did he do in this matter?

Foes purposeful he never made,
For every man to him was brother;
This compliment, then, Lincoln paid;
"They mutually excell each other".

Dying to Delicious Music

A noted contralto once lived in our town
Whose tabby was over-prolific;
Deciding that this latest litter should drown
Wrought out her plan, unscientific:
The death scene was chosen inside of a pail
Almost brimful of good city water,
While opera selections subdued every wail,
As the neighbors cried, "What is the matter"?

With tones of rare quality ringing,
For Madame superbly was singing,
"My heart at thy sweet voice,"
An excerpt fitly choice,
From Samson and Delilah.

Fox River Trail, Illinois

Some travel far off seeing beauties of earth,
As if they alone furnish delight;
Yet lovely Fox river vale, truly has worth,
Its charms then, why should we slight?
The interesting vistas unfolding their claims
For attention of those who behold;
To drink of such pleasure intensifies aims
In the hearts not yet calloused and cold.

Some glance at such scenes with a cursory sweep,
As if leisure in man was a sin;
Endowment of intellect cannot be deep
Where such apathy reigneth within.
Since beauties like these so benignly are given,
Mankind should take time to admire;
Who will not, might find themselves misfit in heaven
If suddenly called to expire.
—From "Watch on the Fox," by J. Park Brown

Shabbona in Batavia, Ill.

*The Indians with Shabbona played in a game,
When I, but a child would draw near;
I little thought then, that his glorious name,
Thousands more than myself would revere.

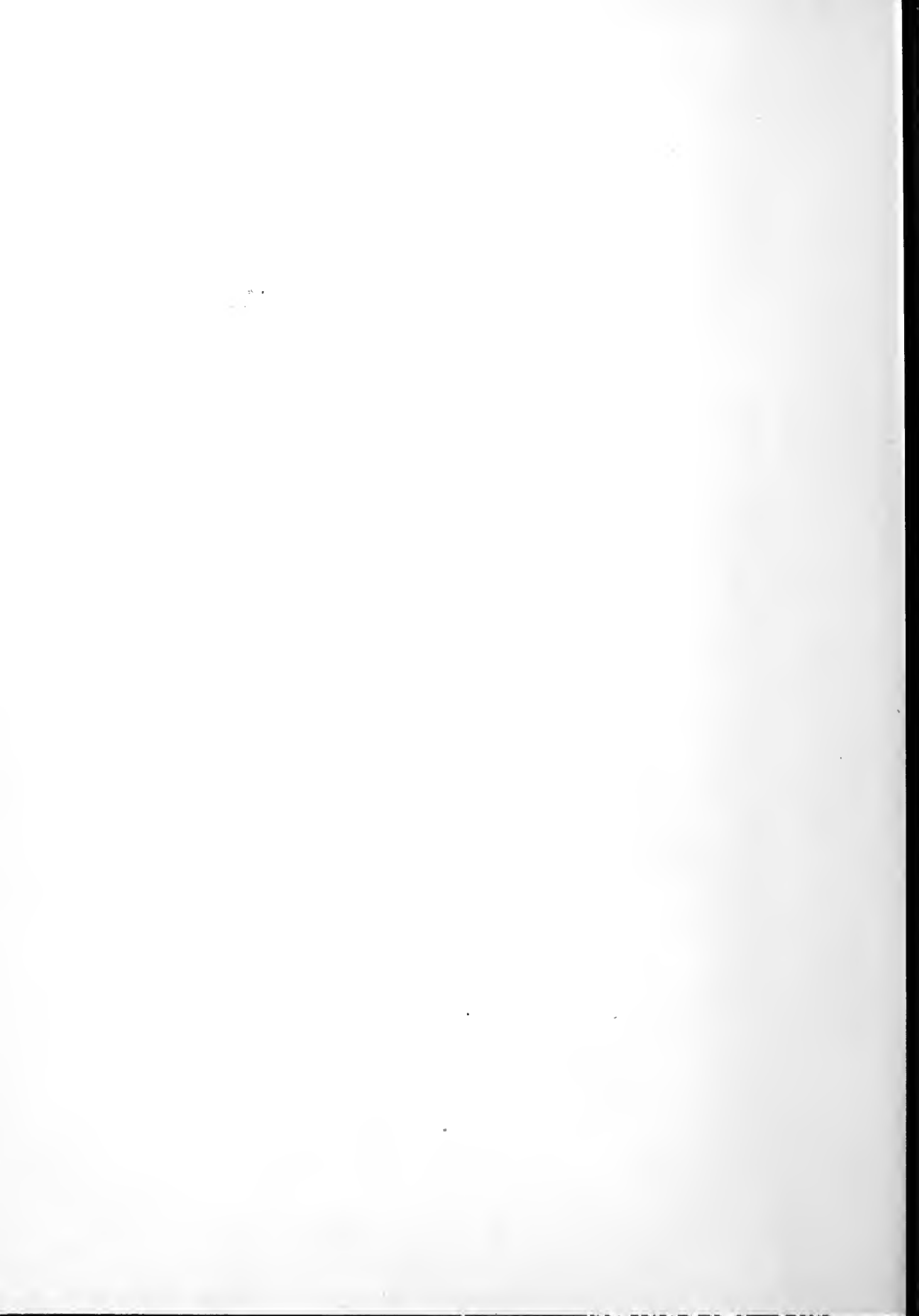
A street in the town would be thick with the folk
While the cream-colored ponies would race,
But Shabbona's corpulent squaw was a joke
Some would laugh at, till red in the face.

Both sides of the wagon the Chief's squaw would touch
As the cavalcade made for the plain:
With presents the merchants gave, salt pork and such,
For the Indian group could entertain.

*Related by Mrs. Murray of DeKalb, a former Batavian. Accent on the first syllable of Shabbona.



Fox River Valley, above Algonquin, Ill.



The Wild Columbine

A galaxy of worth is her's,
Whose charms, our youthful thoughts entwine:
The heart must lack, which never stirs
At sight of native columbine.

The redskin generations knew,
Long ere whites here had turned a sod,
When breath of early summer blew,
Those blossoms answered with a nod.

Their colors, red and yellow bright,
Made strong appeal to Indian minds:
The child exults in true delight
Whene'er a long-spurred bloom he finds.

Up from the nearly heart-shaped leaves
The clustered cornucopias nod,
Whose bright-hued colors oft relieves
The wayside of some common road.

Bloom on, fair plant of many soils,
From rocky nooks, sequestered dells;
When leisured see, and he who toils,
Your flowers their cheering message tells.

At The Soldier's Monument Geneva, Ill.

Each name of Kane's illustrious dead
In time-resisting bronze;
Beholding reverent, bow the head:
Those heard the call from Mons.
Some breathed their last in carnage heat,
And some on beds of pain;
Yet none did shameless seek retreat
To come to Kane again.

Bluff City Cemetery Elgin, Ill.

O'er hill, in dale, by winding path,
Where sacred dead repose;
The natives, erst, in tribal wrath
Crossed here, we may suppose.

We laid our's in the narrow bed,
While tears bedimmed the eyes;
Though words within, then hopeful said,
"Some day they will arise":

"To shine more gloriously bright
Than e'er their portion here,"
Triumphant faith from realms of light,
Bejewelled then, each tear.

In earth's capacious bosom lie,
In rest of heaven's design,
Till with innumerable on high
Complete, in All-divine.

The Church and Churchyard, McQueen, Ill.

A messenger has called unseen
To claim one of the people
When numbers travel to McQueen,
Then pass beneath the steeple:
For gathered in the old churchyard
The silent kindred lie;
To dust returning 'neath the sward
Awaiting "By and bye."
In this dear church (well known to grace
In days, now classed, of yore)
Fond memory haunts with many a face,
We'll see here, nevermore.

Fox River Shells, and Pearls

The clammer pulls on the windlass arm,
While the drag trails the river slime;
Then a creature, heedless of alarm
Shuts tight, in the nick of time:
For a hook invades the realm of touch,
That sense, in them so strong,
Who little know, yet know this much,
To catch what comes along:
So the shellfish leaves its miry bed
In the deep of the flowing stream;
Then nacre waves, though sunless made,
With prismic colors gleam.
Some secrets, nature's bosom hides,
Thus, here we ne'er may know,
How bivalves, 'neath the flowing tides
Seal tints of rainbow glow.
Where fashion's wealthy circles meet
And jewels rare are worn;
Charmed eyes may all unwitting greet,
Pearls, from Fox river borne.

The Last of the Waiskas, Bay Mills, Michigan

Where is the last of the Waiska race,
Of the Chippewa tribes, most proud?
Where his heart inclined, to a resting place,
In a wind-swept forest shroud.
No love bore he to the haunts of men,
Nor reconciled could he be;
Of Waiskas, none to reck or ken
That he died 'neath the forest tree.
Nor brave nor squaw now bear that name,
Though older than the state;
Extinguished is the Waiska flame,
And none can alter fate.

Dr. Vasey, Botanist, Elgin, Ill.

Dr. Vasey lived and dwelt among us
When Elgin was but a town;
Of stature small, and he made no fuss
As he trod the bluffs up and down.

Thousands of plants did he know by name
And he found one unknown before;
Then the federal scribes did own his fame,
Since then, his name it bore.

In Black and Gold

*A picture was done in gold and black,
And the black had a lustrous sheen
Which satisfied—for there was no lack
Suggesting what should have been.
In bold relief stood he out alone
From corn grown in Illinois,
The black one, with voice of a raucous tone
Which lustily he'd employ.
No longer we'll keep you in suspense,
For this you might want to know
He ne'er again will fly over a fence,
For taxed, is that sable crow.

*Taxidermy and painting by
Kate Dunne



In Black and Gold

Photo By Baker From Painting By Kate Dunne



No Milkmaid Flits

Do milkmaids flit upon the scene
With their love-enticing charms;
Health pictures foiled in living green,
On vale or prairie farms?

No milkmaid flits upon the scene
In the fair Fox river vale;
For milkmaids all, are has-a-been,
With the stool, and burnished pail.

Commercial progress gave the rout
To the maids so picturesque;
All hired-men now must face about,
In moves less statuesque.

Yet bossie does her work fulfill:
As the river seeks the sea
Her lacteal stream flows with goodwill,
Though times may altered be.

And still she yields her butter-fat
To gild this valley's name;
While maids made exit for the vat,
To art's inglorious shame.

Lake Wauconda, Ill.

Liquid sapphire, jewel-inset,
Can words your beauty tell?
Embellish ye this prairie state:
Who look, must own your spell.

Those living near, who long may gaze,
In calm of life should live
Oblivious of the mundane maze:—
To they who pass, you give.

The Lotus-beds, Fox Lake, Illinois

The magic word lotus may conjure a haze,
With the pyramids piercing the sky;
Yet miles may be threaded of lotus-bed maze
In Fox Lake right near bye.
Then envy not Egypt's stone Pharaohs nor Sphinx
While home lotus-beds can beguile;
For flappers first tried with their wiles and their winks
To ensnare, on the langorous Nile.

Meta, Indian Orator, at Chicago Powow

Noble and great the plea, orator Meta made,
With kingly bearing the annals record;
Justified utterance, "That in rushing flow be stayed,
For oft, usurpers have broken their word:
This, our beloved land, given by The Great Spirit,
Who is in anger, at what hath been done;
Why, from the hunting-ground we did inherit,
Press us and drive us toward setting sun?"

Crafty were words and deep phrases the white men
used,
Clouding the eloquence Meta expressed:
Rights of the Indians once more by the whites abused;
Scribe the word finis for wrongs unredressed.
Indians were heartwrung by anguish, who westward
moved
From the rich prairies of fair Illinois:
Well that the men representing the nation proved
Later, that Indians, none dared to annoy.

Ride of Lieut. Webb, Ill., 1822

. Dedicated to Mrs. S. Russell, Warren, Ill.

The lonely dangerous ride of one of Fort Dearborn's officers in the dead of winter through many hazards is here dealt with.

The home of a Frenchman trader six miles below where Dixon now is, was the only resting place between him and his objective, Fort Armstrong on the Mississippi. What is now ten counties were traversed ere his return, which took weeks to accomplish.

The men he warned were wholly unaware of their danger from the disgruntled Indians. In comparison of physical dangers overcome that of the nineteen miles covered by the Boston Watchmaker in his epoch-making ride pales into insignificance.

It is therefore one of the most noteworthy rides in the annals of our country. Having occurred in Illinois is my only excuse for it appearing in this work. Webb lived to be in the eighties, dying with the proof of his bravery and self-sacrifice verily unsung.

The favor of peace is our portion these days,
Where gruesome atrocities once were so rife;
While history could never, nor poet in lays
Through letters, revivify them, true to life.
No mortal now living could justly describe
What happened, within what is now Illinois;
'Mong Illinois, Foxes and unwritten tribe,
Pottawattamies, Sacs and the fierce Iroquois.
Brave deeds have been done under orient skies
Where time is ne'er grudged in recording the
best;
'Tis well justice prompts this, yet we may surmise
That many are missed in our more hurried west.
Right here in our own state, in pioneer days,
Noble traits fruitage bore, often unseen:
Deeds of self-sacrifice, unsought of praise;
Shame, if we keep not such memories green.
In autumn, eighteen hundred and twenty-two,
James Watson Webb acts a glorious part;

The annals will prove to whome'er will review,
In his manly breast throbb'd a true hero heart.
Is immolation of self at an ebb,
When the commander asks, "Who will risk fate?"
Prowess must animate Lieutenant Webb,
Who is a recent West Point graduate.
Fearless and dauntless he offers to go,
And warn those holding the Fort Armstrong;
Of threatenings, and imminent war from the foe,
In midwinter days when the nights are so long.
Dreary, the hundred and fifty-odd miles
To reach that fort on the Mississippi banks;
Through range of the Indians, whose treacherous
wiles
Often wrought havoc in settlement ranks.
The great Winnebago Swamp stretches to north,
Far off from straight must the courier swerve;
Dangers innumerable will test his worth
Where crafty foes lurk, of courage and nerve.
Alone, he starts off on the long cheerless ride,
The trail leads through timbers and then prairie
waste;
A compass will help the direction to guide,
He aims for LaSallier's, to plenary and rest.
The winter wind chills, though he is warmly dressed,
Ere the Great Swamp, his keen eyes gaze upon;
Hope surges high in the brave manly breast,
While through great hazards he still struggles on.
Message of value, that thought will stir up
When senses and feeling are almost benumb:
Speedily then leaves he saddle and stirrup
As reason reminds, that he soon might succumb.
Hope, grace of comfort, and called, "poor man's
bread,"
Bleak our existence here, but for its charm;
Faced are great obstacles, scarce with a dread,
When hope lendeth potency to faltering arm.



The Lure of the Pearl
By The Dam, Carpentersville



Sought ere the night falls, a sheltering wood,
Near by its edge, they may bivouac find,
He and the horse eat their portion of food,
The better to help fight the weather and wind.
The baying of wolves interrupt a sound sleep,
But since in the distance, he is not annoyed;
His mission is mercy, God surely can keep,
While Indians, unfriendly now, he must avoid.
Eerie the breeze sighs, through bare boughs of trees,
Messages haunting, they croon in the ear;
The heart in true unison, with One who sees
The motive that prompts, may be kept void of
fear.

And now will be sought the leese of a mound,
Where best it may be to pass coming night;
Though scanty be shelter, sleep may be as sound,
Then beckon of progress, by dawning of light.
A pack of wolves snarling did manifest ire
While drawing so near under shadow of night;
Obliged is the traveller, to give musket-fire
And maim some, or kill, then others take flight.
Gladly the trading-post he now beholds,
Soon it is reached, where is welcome and rest;
Unto La Sallier his mind he unfolds,
Cheered by the host to keep up to the best:
Streams yet to cross which augment the great river,
Southward inclines he with forces renewed;
Smiles of approval are lent from the Giver
To whom grateful hearts, aye with thanks are
imbued.
The courier is welcomed with wide-open arms,
Travel-worn is he, but gives full report;
Heard in good faith, for as yet, no alarms
Had reached the men holding the Armstrong
Fort.

A Dearborn tragedy, they realize,
 May be averted, by timely news brought
By this artillery-man, whose sacrifice
 Of comfort personal, no variance sought.
Pressed to return by the southern route,
 Safer, though longer than that which he came;
Indians are friends there, so none will dispute,
 Grim dangers over, he won in the game.
Days drag to weeks since the journey began,
 Death-daring ride on a near trackless course:
Eyes from Fort Dearborn often would scan
 The western horizon, for rider and horse.
Valorous deeds, in the state's early days
 Thwarted much suffering in late-comer's lot;
When is accorded each, due meed of praise,
 Let not Lieut. Webb's ride be forgot:
Among great messengers he has a place,
 A path fraught with danger, he fearlessly rode,
His triumph enriches both history and race,
 The prairie state honored he, also his God.

Finis

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Other writings by the author are

Fox River Valley and other verse.

Memories of Buchan, Scotland, (in the Doric of Burns)

Watch on the Fox. (a watch factory group.)

The Curse of Kaskaskia, Illinois, a tragedy of early pioneer days.



Vista Looking Toward St. Margaret's Well
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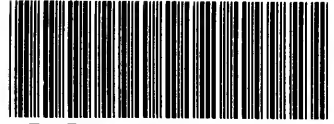


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